

THE
Royal Garland
Of Protestant Delight. *K*

Fully Furnished with Variety of New SONGS,
upon sundry Occasions.



Licensed according to Order.

Printed for J. Blare, on London-bridge. 1689.



THE
Royal GARLAND
OF
Protestant Delight,

Fully furnished with variety of New
SONGS upon sundry occasions.

- I. Protestants satisfaction in a prosperous Reign.
- II. An excellent new Song on the happy Coronation of King *William* and Queen *Mary*.
- III. The City and Countrys Resolution.
- IV. A Dialogue between a valliant Souldier, and his Love, at his taking his leave.
- V. The witty Lafs of *Somerset-shire*, or the Fryer, serv'd in his kind.
- VI. *Robin* her true Loves contrivance, in answer to the Fryers misfortune.
- VII. The Lasses Lamentation for a Husband.
- VIII. The Popes last Will and Testament.

Fitted to the Capacities of all Loving Subjects
both in City and Country.

Printed for *J. Blare* at the Looking-Glass on
London-Bridge, 1689.



The Royal Garland OF Protestant Delight, &c.

The *Protestant's* Satisfaction in a prosperous
Reign. Tune is, *Charon.*

(tion,

YOU that would have this a prosperous Re-
and that Religion shou'd flourish still;
Here to the sight of all Romes Usurpation,
fight with a Courage and right good will;
Then all your foes will flee before ye,
just as they did from Salisbury-plain,
And our King William he soon will restore ye,
the antient Rights in his happy Reign.

He is attended always with a blessing,
with whatsoever he takes in hand,
The Royal Dignity he is possessing,
Monarch of this our Christian Land:
Heaven was pleased to reward him,
since he Religion would maintain,
And will the choicest of favours afford him
for to compleat him a happy Reign.

The Royal Garland.

William and Mary the Kingdoms protection,
they will soon baffle Tyrconnells pride;
And soon will vanquish his Irish Faction,
so long as Heaven stands by their side:
Therefore, brave Boys, let's not be daunted,
but our Liberties regain,
The Divine powers of Heaven has granted,
that we shall see a most happy Reign.

Let not true Protestants e're be affrighted,
at the proud words of a haughty foe,
But as one body be truly united,
and we shall sudden lay them low;
Then retrieve this Kingdoms Glory,
and our Liberties maintain,
Sending the Romans down to Purgatory,
while we are blest with a happy Reign.

Like men of Courage we'l enter the Battle,
charging our Enemies through and through,
When the guns thunder & drums they do rattle
they'll see what Protestant Boys can do:
Calbot, alas! will soon be weary,
when he shall see his Leagues lye slain,
And glad to yield to great William and Mary,
who in a flourishing state does Reign.

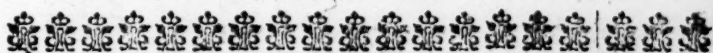
Tho' he may boast like a great Son of thunder
before he enters the Crimson fray,
Yet we shall fill him with horror and wonder,
when our Colours we do display;

Taking

The Royal Garland.

Taking such effectual courses,
that we that Kingdom may regain,
Cut down and scatter the Irish forces,
then we shall see a most happy Reign.

As soon as eber the Case is decided,
in the subduing of Ireland,
The Romans riches will soon be divided,
among our Conquering Armed Band:
Then Crown'd with Bays of peace & pleasure,
we shall return with joy again,
Loaded with Utiorn, Honour and treasure,
here to behold a long happy Reign.



An Excellent New Song on the happy *Coronation*
of King *William* and Queen *Mary*.

To the Tune of, Grim King of the Ghosts.

King William and Mary is Crown'd,
and sits on the height of the Throne;
In them all our blessings are found,
their power we ever will own:
From Thraldom they did us release,
when Jesuits did us oppose,
Long, long may they flourish in state,
and Reign in the spight of their Foes.

The Royal Garland.

True Protestants every where,
was filled with Raptures of Joy,
While Papists were all in despair,
and ready themselves to destroy,
Souls they have a fancy to swing,
let no one their mind interpose,
While we drink to William our King,
who Reigns in the spight of his foes.

The Triumph and Joy did abound,
and Bells they did merrily ring,
While jolly full Bumpers went round,
to William our Soberaign King;
And Mary his Consort the Queen,
as fair as the Lilly and Rose,
Long may they in Glory be seen,
to Keign in the spight of their foes.

While William and Mary his Queen,
was passing along to the Throne,
No symptoms of sorrow was seen,
but Joy in the face of each one:
The Musick most sweetly did play,
nothing cou'd their Japs interpose,
The Protestants heartily pray,
to bless them in spight of their foes.

Their Majesties both being Crown'd,
the Rights of this Realm to restore,
Great Guns made the Kingdom resound,
to carry the tidings all o're: With

The Royal Garland.

With Loyal Souls drinking their health,
and still as they follow'd their blows,
They wish'd them both honour and wealth,
to Reign in the spight of their foes.

The Conduits were flowing with Wine,
and Bonfires in every Street,
Which like blazing Comets did shine,
the joys of the day to compleat:
Huzza's made the Element ring,
their Merriment none dare oppose,
They pray'd that great William our King,
might Reign in the spight of his foes.



The City and Countrys Resolution.

Tune is, Touch of the Times.

BRave boys we shall soon have an army of those,
That will both the French & Tyrconnel oppose
What tho' they do now on the Protestants frown,
It is not those Romans that shall run us down:
For every Trades-man his calling will leave,
And bright shining Armour resolves to receive,
To add to the force of a strong armed Band.
Who fights for Religion and Laws of the Land.

The

The Royal Garland.

The Weavers they throve by their Shuttle & Loom
Resolving to stand ag'inst treacherous Rome,
Who'e insolent pride did their betters degrade,
And oftentimes probed the ruin of Trade; (part,
Therefore the brave weavers will now play their
Showing that Tyrconnel they'll vex to the heart,
As being resolved like Soulivers to stand,
To fight for Religion and Laws of the Land.

The balliant Shoemakers in hundreds did come,
Resolving to follow the true martial Drum,
With flourishing colours to enter the field,
Not fearing to make the proud Enemy yfeld,
The Bones of St. Hugh they do now bid adieu,
As having a far greater work now to do,
With one joynt consent all together will stand,
To fight for Religion and Laws of the Land.

The Butchers, the Dyers, the Hatters also,
With undaunted Courage these beliantly go:
Stout Lads that are season'd to laborious work,
Well able to fight the proud French or the Turk;
In glittering arms they resolve to appear,
To make all our Enemies tremble for fear,
While in a vast Army together they stand,
To fight for Religion and Laws of the Land

The Royal Garland.

Not only in London, but every where,
They do to the Army in thousands repair,
The Cornwall and Devonshire Boys are agreed;
To make the proud Papists in Ireland bleed;
And therefore they now, bid adieu to the plow,
And like valliant Souldiers they solemnly vow,
To joyn with the force of the best armed band,
And fight for Religion and Laws of the Land.

The Dorset and Somerset Boys too we find,
They are to a Protestant Monarch inclin'd ;
And at his command they will valliantly go,
In order our Enemies to overthrow ,
They have not forgot their Relations of late;
Who suffer'd under a great person of State ;
Therefore like brave souldiers together they'll stand
And fight for Religion and Laws of the Land.

Through every County all over the West,
Their Loyalty to their good King is exprest,
And under his Banner they'll fight till they dye,
Or otherwise make our proud Enemies fly :
Their cause being good, they're void of all fear ;
Resolving to charge from the Front to the Rear
With Carbine and flourishing sword in each hand,
They'll fight for Religion and Laws of the Land.

The Royal Garland.



A Dialogue between a Souldier and his Love,
at his taking his leave.

To the Tune of, The Souldiers departure.

Dearest love, I now must leave thee,
to the Wars I needs must go,
Yet let not my absence grieve thee,
dearest, since it must be so:
Life and fortune I will venture,
Englands freedom to regain,
And a bloody Scene will enter,
e're I do return again.

Tell me not this killing Story,
which alas! will break my heart;
Nay, and blast my youthful Glory,
if my love and I must part:
Therefore do not prove so cruel,
tho' beloved to refrain;
For I fear my dearest Jewel,
I shall ne'r see thee again.

May the powers of Heaven bless thee,
whom I dearly do adore,
Do not let such fears possess thee,
but be cheerful evermore:

Thiſ

The Royal Garland.

This great Land must be defended
from the French and Irish Train,
And when all our work is ended,
Love, I will return again.

When I think upon your lying
on the close besieged Walls,
Where the Shot like Hail is flying,
while the best of Souldiers falls :
Grief of heart I shall lye under,
fearing that thou shouldst be slain,
It will surely burst in sunder,
if I ne'r see thee again.

If a Souldier thinks to merit
honour, fame, and high Renown ;
He must have a Noble Spirit.
which will not be soon call'd down :
For if foes our fears discover,
they will then fall on amain,
But our Wars will soon be o'er,
then I will return again.

Can I see my Native Nation
threatned by a foreign Foe ;
To Religious Extirpation,
and yet not be free to go ?
No, I'll see our Foes surrounded,
never fearing to be slain ;
And when they are all confounded,
then I will return again.

There.

The Royal Garland.

Therefore dearest, cease thy weeping,
all thy Blessings I'll restore;
Thou hast my whole heart in keeping,
and shall have for evermore;
Then let not my absence grieve thee,
do not in the least Complain;
Tho' at present here I leave thee,
I'll return to thee again.

Tho' our Enemies may bluster,
and true Protestants deride;
Likewise all their forces muster,
yet we'll check their haughty Pride:
Having ended all the quarrel,
and our foes all fled and slain,
Crowned with Victorious Laurel,
I'll return to thee again.




The Royal Garland.

The witty Lass of Somerset-shire; Or, The
Fryer serv'd in his kind.

Tune is, Alli bolero.

Down in the West near Somerset-shire,
there a young Lass a Fryer did meet,
Straightways he said my amorous dear,
willing I am to give thee a treat;
If thou'lt go to the next Village,
but the young Lass was monstrous shy,
Because she did fear him, she would not come near
said, I'll not be tempted, Sir, no not I. (him.)

Then he presented her with a Ring,
such that is us'd by young marry'd wives,
Saying he had a far better thing,
which the young Lasses loves as their lives,
Which thou'd soon be at her service,
but said the Lass you're something too bold,
Yet this ludy Fryer, did burn with desire.
and proffer'd her store of Silber and Gold.

 Ruin I hope shall ne'er be my Lot,
Sir, I can soon discover the snare;
As for your Gold I value it not,
therefore I pray your folly forbear;

The Royal Garland.

Yet he would not be at quiet,
but on the Road he follow'd her still;
His suit he redoubl'd, with him she was troubl'd,
he striving to gain her love and good will.

Now when she found he'd not be deny'd,
his bouny La's did seem to consent,
She was to pass that night for his Bride,
so to next Town they merrily went:
The brisk Fryer he did trip it,
as if the ground he never had felt,
But him she out-witted, and gallantly fitted,
as bringing him to the Inn where she dwelt.

Robin her Love he chanc'd to be there:
sitting, alas! with whip in his hand:
On his bald pate Cuds-Zocks he did scare,
and for a while he was at a stand;
But she trip'd the wink to Robin,
showing that he no notice should take,
She vow'd out of measure to pillage his treasure,
and of the old Fryer a booty make.

When they had drank Canary good store,
then to his chamber he wou'd repair,
Which this young La's, whom he did adore,
who was as sharp and witty, as fair;

Robin

The Royal Garland.

Robin lay in ambuscado,
waiting to hear his true Lovers tale,
Resolving to trye, the lusty old Fryer,
and make his gold Guineys to pay for all.

Wit, said the Tale may strip off your cloaths,
and for my part I will do no less :
To the Bed-side the Fryer he goes,
where in all haste he took his undress,
Being fairly strip stark naked,
Robin he straight rush'd in with his whip;
There he did perk him, and gallantly jerk him,
and made the old Fryer to scamper and scarp.

As if he had been anything of intent,
Robin laid on and follow'd his bloud,
Till the old Fryer fell at his feet,
begging to let him put on his cloaths,
And he'd give him forty Willings
with all the gold which he had in store;
If he would excuse him, and no more trouble him,
besides he would never trouble him more.

Boys quoth Robin it is a fine sight,
so much before I never did see.
Durling to Nan his Joy and delight,
e'er it be long we marry'd will be.

The Royal Garland.

Yet he would not be at quiet,
but on the Road he follow'd her still;
His suit he redoubl'd, with him she was troubl'd,
he striving to gain her love and good will.

Now when she found he'd not be deny'd,
his houny Lais did seem to consent,
She was to pass that night for his Bride,
so to next morn they merrily went:
The blisk fyer he did trip it,
as if the ground he never had felt,
But him she out-witted, and gallantly fitted,
as hyngling him to the Inn where she dwelt.

Robin her Love he chanc'd to be there:
sitting, alas! with whip in his hand:
On his bald pate Cuds-Zocks he did scare,
and for a while he was at a stand;
But she rip'd the wink to Robin,
showing that he no notice should take,
She bow'd out of measure to pillage his treasure,
and of the old fyer a booz make.

When they had drank Canary good store,
then to his chamber he wou'd repair,
Which this young Lais, whom he did adore,
who was as Sharp and witty, as fair;

Robin

The Royal Garland.

Robin lay in ambuscado,
waiting to hear his true Lobbers call,
Resolving to tye, the lusty old Fryer,
and make his gold Guineys to pay for all.

He, said the Lads pray strip off your cloaths,
and for my part I will do no less :
To the Bed-side the Fryer he goes,
where in all haste he soon his undress,
Being fairly strip stark naked,
Robin he straight rush'd in with his whip;
There he did perk him, and gallantly jerk him,
and made the old Fryer to scamper and scerp.

As if he had been threshing of wheat,
Robin laid on and follow'd his blows,
Till the old Fryer fell at his feet,
begging to let him put on his cloaths,
And he'd give him forty Gillings
with all the gold which he had in store,
If he would excuse him, and no more abuse him,
besides he would never trouble him more.

'Bobs quoth Robin it is a fine sight,
so much before I never did see,
Turning to Nan his Joy and delight
e'er it be long we marry'd will be;

Is

Then

The Royal Garland.

Then alas! this riled Fryer,
they tumbled headlong out of the doore,
Who swore in a passion, and hearty vocation,
he never did mean to trouble them more.



Robin her true Loves contrivance, in an Answer to the Fryers misfortune.

Tune is, D so ungrateful a creature.

NOW my sweet amorous Nancy,
thou hast been wise in thy ways,
For I have reason to fancy;
we soon our fortunes may raise;
Now in all haste we'll be marry'd,
and of a couple make one;
Matters so fairly is carry'd,
that we'll not long lye alone.

Oh how my riches increases,
which makes my heart blithe and light,
Here I have twenty broad pieces,
besides good Silber so bright;
Thou wast the suttie inventor
of this new prank which we play'd,
I might have chisell'd a whole winter,
and ne'er been half so well paid.

The Royal Garland.

I'll buy a Cow and a Weather,
likewise young Horses that will breed,
And I will keep them together,
all in one pasture to feed;
Thou shalt spin Wollen and Linnen,
and I will harrow and mow,
Thus in a happy beginning,
first we will creep and then go.

As he h's mind did discover,
sweating to make her his Wife,
Nancy was pleas'd at her Lober,
and with a smile she reply'd,
Robin, true reason requires
persons to seek after gain,
And 'tis good breeding of Fryers,
for they yield excellent grain.

Then the Jan-keeper her Master,
with many Gentlemen more,
Laugh'd at the Fryers disaster,
bowing they never before,
Heard a more prettier fancy,
which did the Fryer defeat,
Still they commended young Nancy,
who was both wise and discreet.

The Royal Garland.

The Lasses Lamentation for a Husband.

Tune is, *I never saw a face till now.*

I Am full Arteen years of Age,
and yet no Marry'd Wife;
I strive my p. Aion to asswage,
but cannot for my life:
Alas! I'm tired ev'ry day
with my Virginitie,
And ready am to run astray,
'cause none will Marry me.

Why must I live and lye alone,
and blast my blooming years?
Will no young Youth regard my moan?
behold my Weary tears!
That p. eads for succour and redress,
in pain and misery;
Young Gallants be not pitiless,
but come and Marry me.

As I the naked truth may tell,
indeed I do contrive,
For to behave my self as well
as any lass alive:
I make no breach in Cupids Laws,
nor use Loves Tyranny;
I wonder what may be the cause
that none, &c.

The Royal Garland:

I in my Bed do roul and turn,
and cannot take my rest;
The cruell Flames of Love does burn
my soft white snowy Breast:
In sorrow do I lye and weep,
at my hard Destiny,
And often startle in my sleep,
'cause none will, &c.

I deck my self in rich Array,
as Gawdy as I can;
I wear my Top-knot ev'ry day,
my Ribbons, Gloves and Fan:
There's very few can me outbye,
as all may daily see,
Then Young-men pray now tell me why
will you not, &c.

A worthy Portion I have here,
as many persons know,
Which is two hundred pounds a year,
and this I would bestow
Upon a pouthful lively Mate,
if any such there be;
But, ah! the most unhappie Fate,
no Man will, &c.

Where Husbands to be bought or sold,
I soon wou'd purchase one;
For they are more to me than Gold,
I cannot lye alone:

The Royal Garland.

I am distracted in my mind,
at this my Destiny,
Will no young Gallant prove so kind,
as now to, &c.

There's Pancy, Bidget, Sue and Grace,
has Young-men at their call;
I'm sure I have as sweet a Face
as any of them all:
My Rosie Cheeks and Charming Brow,
and Smiles I yield them free;
Then what can be the reason now
that none will, &c.

I do not know what course to take,
I feel my Spirits faint,
This panting heart of mine will break
if speedily I mayn't
Enjoy the Blessings which I crave,
to ease my misery;
Those that a Ladies life would save,
make haste and Marry me.



The Royal Garland.

The Pope's last Will and Testament.

Tune is, O rare Popery.

It seems that the Pope he lies desperate sick,
He called unto his head Cardinal Nick.
Said deary will shew me here a slippery trick,
And send me from glory, down to Purgatory,
there, there to be double refin'd.

Here at my departure I know you will grieve,
Yet cheer up your Spirits, for you shall receive,
Some reliicks for Legacies which I will leave,
besure you adore 'um, let nothing befoze 'um,
be valu'd in all the whole world.

The first of my Legacies which I leave here,
It is of true value as it will appear,
It is St. Peter's old worm-eaten Chair,
be careful and use it, but do not abuse it,
'twill last you as long as you live.

Besides I must tell you I here have in store,
Many old reliicks full twenty and more
They'll make you so rich, you can never be poor,
their vertues are many, they give ease to any
who chance to be troubled in mind.

For

The Royal Garland.

For here's the old halter which Judas did use,
After he had proffer'd his pence to the Jews;
So after that ventur'd to dy in his Shooes,
now use it who pleases, I'm certain it eases
the greatest afflicted in mind.

Another old relic the patriarchs Ladder,
And the Boot of St. Luke, which is made of good
Leather,
And likewise St. Anthonies fart in a blather,
'tis better then Physick, for curing the Cuck,
I charge you be careful of this.

I cannot tell where father Petres had been,
But at the god speed he came tumbling in,
In this kind of Language he thus did begin,
I seek for promotion, let me have my portion,
pray do not forget your own Son.

His Holiness told him his evils was rise,
As being the Author and forger of strife,
And never had done any good in his life,
Therefore he was willing to give him a Billings,
and blot him quite out of his will.

10. JU 52

F I N I S

